

Our Boy's Companions

With the rapid material growth of our country, and with the deepening of separating lines between the different classes, there has sprung into being a certain air of unfriendliness. Compassion exists, and patronage, neither of which is the same as simple, equal friendship.

The mother whose little son is her pride, clean, sturdy, refined, thoroughbred, seeks for him companionship among his peers. In school and on the playground she cannot tolerate an admixture of baser metals, her boy being, in her view, of the finest gold. No Brahmin of the purest caste looks down from a loftier height on the Pariah than many a Christian woman in America on the little Irish and Italian and Swedish laddies whom her son finds charming comrades in the street. Her dislike and exclusiveness sometimes reach the point of absolute prohibition, or she deprives her boy of the wholesome rough-and-tumble of school life, and has him educated at home, so that his manners and morals may escape unscathed in the contact inseparable from republican mingling of the mass; your boy, my boy, everybody's boy, all reciting together, shouting together on the ball ground, running races together in the first contests of their careers.

Now it is right to watch sedulously over a boy. A boy, in good clothes or in rags, should be fearless, brave, truth-telling, magnanimous, and obedient. The senator's son, or the President's, may be this sort of boy. So may the washerwoman's and the day-laborer's son. Every boy should be polite, lifting his cap to women, assisting old age, defending the weak. I have seen a newsboy, brought up in the slums, who illustrated, in his commonplace daily life, this gracious courtesy, and I have also found the same urbane and loveable demeanor in the child of a luxurious home. It is a question, one sees, of the boy and the stuff that is in him.

Boys are neither snobs nor toadies unless they are made so, and, left to themselves, they have a democratic simplicity of nature, and a magical way of piercing thru the surface and getting at the core of things. A boy trained in the amenities of a Christian home, and early taught the fear of God and the love of his fellows, will, intuitively, choose his inmates from boys of his own kind. But he will receive no detriment from tilting in the daily lists with boys of all kinds.—Margaret E. Sangster, in *Good Housekeeping*.

Living Together

"It is better to live with others even at the cost of considerable jarring and friction than to live in undisturbed quiet alone," said a wise little woman the other day.

"Yes, I know that sort of life brings hurts, smarts, and heartaches, to say nothing of an occasional tempest, but all the same it is an education that cannot be gained in solitude. Life brings many changes and throws strange people together, and it is easy to decide that

some of one's kindred by birth or by law—especially the latter—are so uncongenial as to make living with them unendurable.

"Sometimes that is true, but very rarely. Usually if two persons are well meaning—and most people really do mean well at heart—they can gradually grow into each other's ways, and by doing so modify individual traits and habits to the great improvement of character. We need to have our sharp corners rubbed off, our little pet vanities punctured, and most of all to learn self-control, 'sweet reasonableness,' and toleration for other people's point of view. When persons say to me of members of their own families, 'I do not know how to live with them,' I feel an unsympathetic desire to reply: 'Keep on living with them till you learn how; it is exactly what you need.'"—Forward.

Neglected Husbands

A woman cannot live absorbed in her children for twenty five years and then re-assume her old relations with her husband. If she has developed intellectually and grown away from him it is quite as much her fault as it is his. If he has degenerated and now cares for little but his dinner and his club, could she have prevented it?

Many a self-sacrificing mother finds when her sons and daughters come to the age when they leave her to go out in the world that she has lost the power to charm and interest the one human being whose duty it is to stay by her side until "death do us part." For, after all, however, we may gloss over the fact, our children do belong with the new generation, and as they grow older they make us feel that we belong with the old generation.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Selfish Sorrow is Sinful

"You buried your baby this summer?" questioned a well meaning matron of the younger lady with whom she had been conversing.

"Yes," answered the other. Her two little boys whom she had brought out to see a street parade were by her side, and as the questioner passed on a thought of the possible bearing of the remark brought the tears to the young mother's eyes. Did she wonder to see me here? I have no right to bury my living children," she said appealingly to a friend.

She was right. Her sorrowful heart was no excuse for shutting her little ones away from the innocent pleasures or barring the sunlight out of their lives. The sacrifice of the living to the dead is not confined to heathen lands; it is only too common about us, and whose families are subjected to hardship for the sake of a grief which calls itself sacred, but is really selfish. The room must remain closed, as the dead brother left it, however it may be needed by others. The piano which its owner's dear hands will touch no more, cannot be opened for the pleasure of the other children. Some

member of the family is forced to carry double burdens, because another has "lost all interest" in work that must still be done. Whatever befalls, we have no right to allow our mourning to darken other lives.

Sisters' S. C. E.

From The President

Many of the readers interested in our S. S. C. E. were glad to hear from the Gretna Society last week. I remember meeting with genuine enthusiasm there that manifested itself soon after in substance for the college and for missions. Let the Gretna S. S. C. E. members carefully read Sister Berger's words in the same column, apply them during their present revival, prove the wondrous spiritual power that may belong to each Society, then report again thru Sister Miller.

We thank Mrs. Berger for the truth and the words of timely advice. To be reminded of our duties, our possibilities at this time will help us to be faithful in remitting the Lord's portion to our treasurer the first of January. Prepare now for a complete remittance, one that will truly represent a work from your church.

Tho but a mission, and only in its very beginning at that, we are planning for a Society here in South Philadelphia. After interesting a few more sisters we shall organize in time to send in the semi annual dues the first of the year. It is a mistake to think a church too weak to support an S. S. C. E.; the well organized Society will be a support to the church. We greatly feel the need of such an organization here in order to do more systematic work among the poor.

One of the many avenues for doing good the mission field opens is that of nursing. By alleviating the sufferings of the human body, one gains the patients' confidence which is necessary to successfully minister to his soul. Until the holidays much of my work will consist of nursing among the district poor of our mission. This will serve as a double purpose,—benefitting the mission and answering for the practical part of the course in nursing which I began after coming to the City. I hope to supplement this with regular hospital work after Christmas. A knowledge of nursing is almost indispensable, not alone in successful home mission work but more so in work among the heathen. To bring a soul from spiritual darkness to the light of Jesus, implies tact and Scriptural knowledge; tho it is God himself who brings about the change. In somewhat the same way God may use the nurse to bring a suffering body from disease to health. The power of God should be recognized in the latter as well as in the former.

With Brother Haskins and later Brother Gillin, I, too, desire to express my gratitude for the Christian fellowship and hospitality of the New Jersey churches. I went in Brother Cassel's place and had no time to meet with the S. S. C. E. at Sargeantsville. I